

DELL
15¢

Movie
Classic

NO. 1300

THE COMANCHEROS



HOW WERE THE COMANCHES GETTING RIFLES?
COMANCHERO VALLEY HELD THE SECRET THE
TEXAS RANGERS HAD TO LEARN.

ADAPTED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

20th Century-Fox presents

THE COMANCHEROS

CAST

Cutter... JOHN WAYNE

Regret... STUART WHITMAN • Pilot... INA BALIN
Graile... NEHEMIAH PERSOFF • Crow... LEE MARVIN
Amelung... MICHAEL ANSARA • Tobe... PAT WAYNE
Major Henry... BRUCE CABOT • Melinda... JOAN O'BRIEN
Horseface... JACK ELAM • Judge Bean... EDGAR BUCHANAN
Gheoux... HENRY DANIELL • Estevan... RICHARD DEVON

Produced by GEORGE SHERMAN

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by JAMES EDWARD GRANT and CLAIR HUFFAKER

Based on the Novel by PAUL I. WELLMAN

Color by DE LUXE

A CinemaScope Picture



Texas Ranger Jake Cutter picks up Paul Regret who is wanted for killing a man in a duel in Louisiana. On the way to Ranger headquarters...



...they stop at a ranch house for food. They are attacked by a large war party of Comanches. During the fighting, Regret sees an opportunity to get away.



He escapes on a loose Indian horse. Instead of running away, he rides for help and returns in time with a troop of Rangers who rout the Comanches...



Regret is freed from custody and becomes a Texas ranger. He and Cutter try to find the Comancheros,egade outlaws who trade guns to the Indians.



Finding and destroying Comanchero Valley, they are chased by Comanches and once again have to fight for their lives. They are saved by Rangers.

THE COMANCHEROS

IT IS MY SOLEMN DUTY, GENTLEMEN,
TO OFFER YOU ONE LAST CHANCE
TO SETTLE YOUR DISPUTE WITHOUT
BLOODSHED.

I ACCEPT THE
OFFER.

ONLY A MAN WHO
IS AFRAID TO DIE
WOULD BACK OUT
NOW.

AT A SECLUDED SPOT NEAR
NEW ORLEANS, PAUL REGRET
AND EMILE BEAUBIEN MEET
AT DAWN. THE NIGHT BEFORE,
AT A CARD GAME, EMILE
HAD CHALLENGED PAUL.

I ACCEPT
THE
REASON
TOO.

YOU HAVE CHEATED ME
AT CARDS, MISSEUR. YOU
WILL NOT CHEAT ME OF
SATISFACTION. AT LEAST
TRY TO DIE LIKE A
GENTLEMAN.

IF IT'S ALL
THE SAME
TO YOU,
I'LL TRY
NOT TO.

SINCE THERE IS NO RECONCILIATION,
WE PROCEED. PLEASE
STAND WITH YOUR BACKS TO ONE
ANOTHER. WHEN I BEGIN TO
COUNT, YOU WILL EACH TAKE
TEN PACES. TURN AND FIRE AT
THE COUNT OF TEN. GOOD
LUCK.

THE COMANCHEROS, No. 1300. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Single copy price 15¢. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Based on the motion picture "The Comancheros". Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright © 1961 Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.
*This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

AS EACH MAN REACHED HIS TENTH STEP, HE TURNED. REGRET FIRED FIRST, AS HE DID, BEAUBIEN STEPPED QUICKLY TO ONE SIDE.



REGRET SLOWLY LOWERED HIS GUN AND STARED INCREDULOUSLY AT BEAUBIEN. HIS BODY TENSED AND HIS EYES NARROWED AS HE BRACED HIMSELF FOR HIS OPPONENT'S SHOT.



BEAUBIEN TOOK HIS TIME, ALL THE TIME HE HAD. SUDDENLY, HE CRUMPLED TO THE GRASS.



YOUR SHOT
WAS FATAL,
PAUL.



WHAT DEVILISH LUCK! IF HE HADN'T STEPPED ASIDE, I'D HAVE HIT HIM IN THE SHOULDER.

YOU'VE DONE NEW ORLEANS A FAVOR. MANY OF US WILL BE SORRY TO SEE YOU HANG.

HANG? THEY'VE NEVER ENFORCED THE LAWS AGAINST DUELING BEFORE!

THE SON OF JUDGE BEAUBIEN HAS NEVER BEEN KILLED BEFORE.



IT'S A SHAME BUT WHEN ONE HAS PROVEN ONESELF ON THE FIELD OF HONOR, ONE CANNOT TURN TAIL AND RUN LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL!

CAN ONE?

ONE CAN!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, ON A STEAM-BOAT MAKING ITS WAY TO GALVESTON TEXAS.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I SENT YOU ON AN ERRAND, WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?

HE IS REGISTERED AS PAUL REGRET. HE HAS NO LUGGAGE.

YOU COULD MEET HIM WITHOUT SENDING ME TO SNOOP OUT HIS NAME. YOU JUST WANT TO HUMILIATE ME... TO HURT MY PRICE.

ARE YOU PROUD AMELUNG? SOME SAY THAT PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL... I WILL NOT NEED EITHER OF YOU UNTIL MORNING.



PILAR WENT TO THE SHIP'S DANCE FLOOR AND WAITED. THEN...

YOUNG LADY, WOULD YOU FAVOR AN OLD MAN WITH THIS WALTZ?

I AM SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS DANCE IS TAKEN... AND HERE IS THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS IT. SURELY YOU REMEMBER WE HAVE THIS DANCE, MR. REGRET?



REGRET WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED THIS LONG IF HE WASN'T A QUICK THINKER. HE GRASPED THE SITUATION AT ONCE.

I HAVE A POOR MEMORY... BUT NOT FOR MATTERS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE. EXCUSE US, SIR.

WITH ENVY, BUT I EXCUSE YOU, YOUNG MAN.



HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?

THAT WAS FORTUNATE. I HEARD THE HEADWAITER ADDRESS YOU BY NAME.



AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THEY LEFT THE DANCE FLOOR AND...

I DARE SAY THE SALON WILL BE FULL OF CIGAR SMOKE AND LOUD TALK. TOO BAD, I WOULD LIKE A GLASS OF WINE.

MAY I SUGGEST MY CABIN?



FRANKLY, I PREFER
MY CABIN. I WILL
ORDER THE WINE.
SHALL WE SAY CABIN
127 IN TWENTY
MINUTES?

DON'T WAIT FOR
ME. I'M NOT WORTH
THE EFFORT, PILAR
... IF THAT IS YOUR
NAME, AS YOU SEE
... I HAVEN'T BEEN
LUCKY AT THE
TABLES.



WHAT DO
YOU TAKE
ME FOR?
A LIE TO START WITH. NO WATER
HAS SO FAR CALLED ME BY NAME.
I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT WHEN
THE IRATE HUSBAND APPEARED,
YOU WOULD FIND MY POCKETS
EMPTY.



YOU THINK
ME A
BLACKMAILER?

WHATEVER YOUR
GAME IS, THE
TROPHY IS NOT
WORTH THE
CHASE.



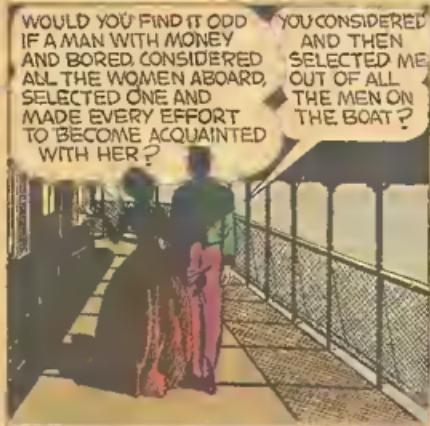
THE SMALLEST DIAMOND
IN THE RING COULD
BUY AND SELL YOU,
PAUL REGRET. WHY
SHOULD I WANT
MONEY FROM YOU?

EXPERIENCE HAS
TAUGHT ME THAT
POTS OF GOLD ARE
NOT FOUND AT THE
END OF RAINBOWS.



WOULD YOU FIND IT ODD
IF A MAN WITH MONEY
AND BORED, CONSIDERED
ALL THE WOMEN ABOARD,
SELECTED ONE AND
MADE EVERY EFFORT
TO BECOME ACQUAINTED
WITH HER?

YOU CONSIDERED
AND THEN
SELECTED ME
OUT OF ALL
THE MEN ON
THE BOAT?



DO NOT BECOME TOO
"SWELL" HEADED; IT'S
NOT A VERY LARGE
BOAT.

CABIN 127... IN
TWENTY MINUTES.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE BOAT DOCKED AT GALVESTON. REGRET AWOKE TO FIND A STRANGER IN HIS ROOM READING HIS MAIL AND HIMSELF HANDCUFFED TO HIS BED.



THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A SUIT! THIS TAILOR IS SURE GOING TO BE HOT IF HE DON'T GET THAT MONEY. 'COURSE HE'LL GET A LOT OF ADVERTISING WHEN YOU STAND UP ON THE GALLows WEARING THAT SUIT HE MADE FOR YOU.



NAME'S CUTTER... CAP'N JAKE CUTTER, TEXAS RANGERS.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!



DID THOUGH... SIX SHIRTS AT THIRTY DOLLARS EACH? IT'D TAKE A BRAVE MAN TO WALK INTO A TEXAS SALOON WEARING ALL THEM RUFFLES.

I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME IN TEXAS.



RIGHT, I KILLED A MAN IN LOUISIANA. MY JOB'S TO TAKE YOU TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS WHERE YOU'LL BE PICKED UP BY LOUISIANA POLICE, DOWN IN TEXAS WE'RE GETTING REAL OBLIGING TO THE STATES BECAUSE WE WANT TO JOIN THE UNION. THIS BILL IS ADDRESSED TO **MONSEWER** PAUL REGRET. THAT'S THE FRENCH WAY OF SAYING MISTER, AIN'T IT?



THERE'S A COUPLE OF HUNDRED IN GOLD IN MY POCKET. GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS, MY FRIEND?

MONSEWER, I GOT WHAT YOU'D CONSIDER A FAILING. I'M HONEST.. START GETTING INTO THAT THIRTY DOLLAR SHIRT.. AND I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND.



AFTER REGRET HAD DRESSED THEY WENT TO A LIVERY STABLE NEAR THE DOCKS.

THIS TRIP WILL TAKE FIVE DAYS YOU SAY?

ABOUT.

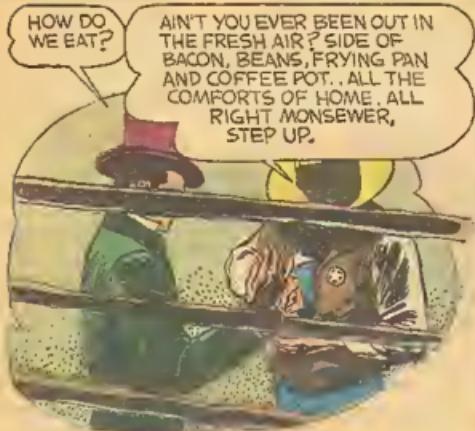


ME HAVING TO RIDE THAT MULE WILL SLOW US DOWN. SAD, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU SHOULD TAKE OFF FOR THE TALL AND UNCUT I COULD EASY RUN YOU DOWN.



HOW DO WE EAT?

AIN'T YOU EVER BEEN OUT IN THE FRESH AIR? SIDE OF BACON, BEANS, FRYING PAN AND COFFEE POT.. ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME, ALL RIGHT MONSEWER, STEP UP.



I'M BEGINNING TO HATE THIS MULE. HE'S GOT A MEAN LOOK.

HIS NAME'S MABEL.



AFTER SEVERAL DAYS..

USED TO OWN THAT CATTLE SPREAD. HAD THREE THOUSAND HEAD OF LONGHORNS.

INDIANS RUN YOU OUT?



NOPE, INDIANS WEREN'T ANY TROUBLE TILL JUST A FEW YEARS AGO.. I GAVE THE SPREAD TO SOME BOYS WORKING FOR ME. MY WIFE DIED.



SOMETIME LATER, THEY CAME UPON AN ADOBE RANCHHOUSE THAT HAD BEEN VISITED BY INDIANS.



THEY MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE HORROR AND FOUND A MUTILATED DOLL.



THERE'S PEOPLE WOULD THINK I'M CRAZY, **MONSEWER**. BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE THAT YOU WON'T MAKE A BREAK. I WANT TO GET THESE PEOPLE BURIED.



AS CUTTER PUT AWAY THE HANDCUFFS, REGRET THREW A SHOVEL FULL OF DIRT INTO HIS FACE AND...

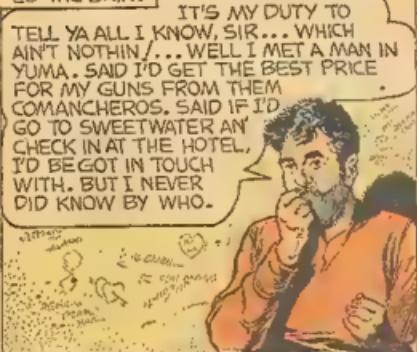


REGRET RODE AWAY
ON CUTTER'S HORSE.
WHEN CUTTER CAME
TO, HE BURIED THE
VICTIMS OF THE
INDIAN ATTACK,
MOUNTED THE MULE
AND RODE TO RANGER
HEADQUARTERS.
SEVERAL DAYS
LATER...



AT THE JAIL, THEY QUESTIONED A PRISONER GOING BY THE NAME OF ED MC BAIN.

IT'S MY DUTY TO TELL YA ALL I KNOW, SIR... WHICH AIN'T NOTHIN'... WELL I MET A MAN IN YUMA. SAID I'D GET THE BEST PRICE FOR MY GUNS FROM THEM COMANCHEROS. SAID IF I'D GO TO SWEETWATER AN' CHECK IN AT THE HOTEL, I'D BE GOT IN TOUCH WITH. BUT I NEVER DID KNOW BY WHO-



I THINK HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH
ABOUT ONE THING... IT'S THE FIRST
TIME HE'S BROUGHT GUNS INTO
TEXAS.

AND THE LAST! AN'
BLESS YA FOR
BELIEVIN'
ME.

I BELIEVE IT BECAUSE I KNOW WHERE HE SPENT
THE LAST FIVE YEARS... YUMA TERRITORIAL PRISON.
SO THERE'S A CHANCE
THE COMANCHEROS
DON'T KNOW HIM BY
SIGHT.

I TAKE HIS PLACE...
TAKE THE GUNS TO
SWEETWATER... MAKE
THE CONTACT.



AND SO THE FOLLOWING
MORNING, CUTTER SET
OUT FOR SWEETWATER.

WHEN HE ARRIVED, HE REGISTERED AT THE
HOTEL...

OH, SURE, MR.
MC BAIN. WE BEEN HOLDIN'
THE ROOM FOR TEN
DAYS. NEVER KNEW JUST
WHEN YA MIGHT BE
GETTIN' IN.

RECKON THAT'LL
COST ME
EXTRA.



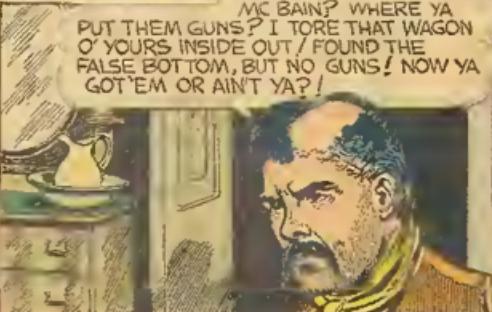
COST YOU NOTHIN'. ALL
BEEN TAKEN CARE OF.
YESSIR, BEST ROOM IN
THE HOUSE. YOUR FRIEND
SAYS T' TELL YOU YOUR
MONEY AINT NO GOOD.
SAYS ANYTHING YOU
WANT IS ON HIM.

PRETTY
GOOD
FRIEND,
AIN'T HE?



CUTTER WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR THE CONTACT
TO BE MADE. SEVERAL HOURS WENT BY.
THEN THERE CAME A VIOLENT RAPPING AT
THE DOOR. CUTTER OPENED IT VERY
CAUTIOUSLY AND...

MC BAIN? WHERE YA
PUT THEM GUNS? I TORE THAT WAGON
O' YOURS INSIDE OUT / FOUND THE
FALSE BOTTOM, BUT NO GUNS! NOW YA
GOT 'EM OR AINT YA?!



I BURIED 'EM OUTSIDE OF TOWN.) YOU WHAT? NOW WHAT KIND O' SNEAKY SOMETHIN' IS THAT? THAT'S SURE A DISTRUSTFUL WAY T' START OFF A DEAL!

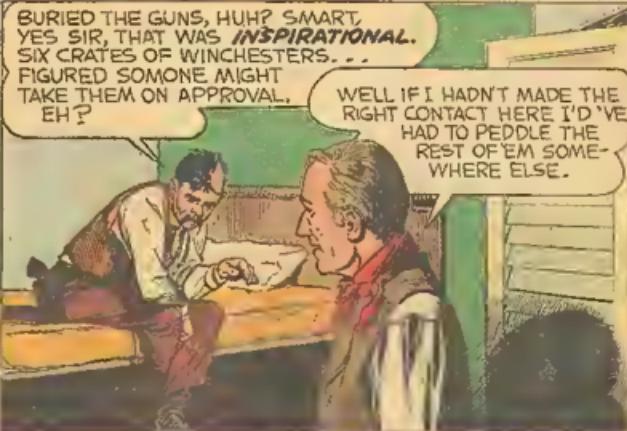
I DIDN'T WANT 'EM FALLING INTO THE WRONG HANDS.)

YA GOT ME THERE / WELL, ED, YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE RIGHT MAN NOW. TULLY CROW THAT'S ME...



BURIED THE GUNS, HUH? SMART, YES SIR, THAT WAS *INSPIRATIONAL*. SIX CRATES OF WINCHESTERS... FIGURED SOMONE MIGHT TAKE THEM ON APPROVAL, EH?

WELL IF I HADN'T MADE THE RIGHT CONTACT HERE I'D'VE HAD TO PEDDLE THE REST OF 'EM SOMEWHERE ELSE.



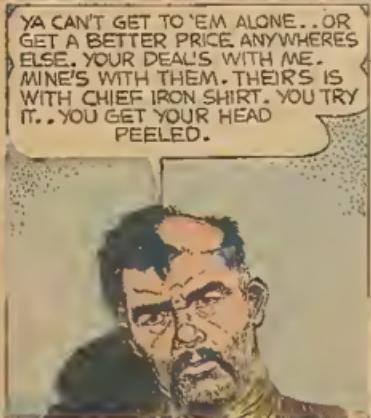
NOW THAT'S A THING I NEVER KNEW.

SO YOU SEE HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS... TO BOTH OF US... TO GET STARTED RIGHT.

YEAH, I'LL GIVE A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EVERY GUN YA GOT. EVER HEAR A BETTER PRICE?

YEAH.. HEAR THE COMANCHES PAY FIVE TIMES THAT, IN TRADE.





THE TWO WENT OUT FOR DINNER. THEN THEY JOINED A POKER GAME.

ROOM FOR MORE MEN AND MORE MONEY...IF THEY DON'T MIND BEING SEPARATED.

BETTER WARN YA, BOYS. I'M A BAD LOSER.



AS CUTTER TOOK HIS SEAT HE MOMENTARILY FROZE AS HE FOUND HIMSELF STARING AT...PAUL REGRET.



AFTER A LONG MOMENT, CUTTER SAT DOWN, EXTENDED HIS BIG HAND AND INTRODUCED HIMSELF, HOPING REGRET WOULD GO ALONG WITH HIM.

MY NAME'S ED MC BAIN.



REGRET IMMEDIATELY REALIZED HE NEED NOT BE AFRAID OF THE RANGER. SOMEHOW, HE HAD CUTTER AT A DISADVANTAGE. REGRET DECIDED TO GO ALONG.

ENJOYING EVERY MOMENT OF HIS PRESENT POSITION...



AFTER ALL INTRODUCTIONS WERE MADE, THE GAME PROCEEDED. AFTER A WHILE...

CAN'T SEEM T'LOSE T'NIGHT, CAN YA **PARTNER**? THINK THE LEAST A MAN'S PARTNER COULD DO FOR HIM IS LET HIM WIN ONE NOW AND THEN.



COULDN'T WIN ONE IF HE LET YA!

YOU PLAY TOO WILDLY, MISTER.

LUCK AINT GOT A THING TO DO WITH CARDS.

NOT THE WAY THEY'RE BEING DEALT!







CUTTER TURNED AND STARTED FOR
THE DOOR.



CROW GAVE IT SOME THOUGHT, BUT NOT MUCH.
HIS HAND WENT FOR HIS GUN. CUTTER SPUN,
DREW AND FIRED IN THE SPLIT SECOND BEFORE
CROW'S SHOT EXPLODED.



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER CUTTER RODE OFF WITH REGRET, PILAR AND HER TWO ESCORTS STEPPED UP TO THE HOTEL DESK...



RATHER PLATTERING. THE OLD MAN IS CONSIDERABLY UGLIER THAN THAT.

FLATTERY IS AS EFFECTIVE WITH BARBARIANS AS WITH CIVILIZED PEOPLE. YOU HAVEN'T ASKED ABOUT MY HEALTH.

AMELUNG TOLD ME YOU SOON WILL DIE. WHAT IS INEVITABLE, IS INEVITABLE. I REGRET YOUR CONDITION.. FOR SEVERAL REASONS. FOR ONE IT CUT SHORT MY TRIP. AND I REGRET THAT YOU WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO BEAR THE BURDEN OF OUR MANY INTERESTS AND I WILL HAVE TO. BUT QUITE HONESTLY, I MUST REALIZE THAT DEATH COMES TO THE OLD AND THAT YOU, MY FATHER, ARE OLD.



OF COURSE, AS TO THE RESPONSIBILITIES, WELL, AMELUNG SEEMS TO FEEL HE MIGHT HELP YOU WITH THEM.

AMELUNG IS A FOOL.



I ORDERED YOU TO MEET ME HERE NINE DAYS AGO / I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WAIT ALL THIS TIME IN THIS FRONTIER SINKHOLE /

IT'S HER FAULT WE'RE LATE. WE WERE TWO DAYS OUT OF GALVESTON WHEN SUDDENLY SHE WENT BACK.. AND THEN TO NEW ORLEANS.. ASKING EVERYWHERE.. EVERYONE... ABOUT PAUL REGRET.



PAUL REGRET?

A MAN.. A DANDIFIED PETTY GAMBLER SHE MET ON THE BOAT.

THE JOURNEY WAS CUSTY.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, PAPA, I WILL FRESHEN UP.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, ON THE TRAIL . . .

IT IS HOT. . . VERY
HOT. THIS IS
UNCIVILIZED

THAT'S THE ONE THING I'VE
NEVER BEEN ACCUSED OF
MONSEWER. BEING
CIVILIZED. . . ESPECIALLY TO
PEOPLE WHO BEND
SHOVELS OVER MY FACE.



THEN I PRESUME YOU WILL
NOT TAKE MY WORD OF
HONOR THAT I WOULD
BEHAVE IF YOU PERMITTED
ME IN THE WAGON?

YOU
PRESUME
RIGHT
MONSEWER.



SADDLE UP! ROLL UP
YOUR BLANKETS! WE
MOVE OUT IN TEN
MINUTES

HI, JAKE.



AS CUTTER WENT OFF TO TALK TO
MAJOR HENRY, REGRET TURNED TO A
RANGER GOING BY THE NAME OF TOBE.

YOU HAVE BEEN
WOUNDED?

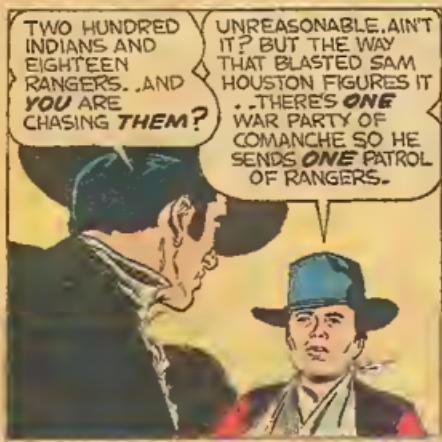
COMANCHE
ARROW.



YOU
HAD
A
BATTLE?

NO. CHASING THIS BAND OF
INDIANS. . . CAUGHT UP WITH
A COUPLE OF STRAGGLERS.
ONE GOT AN ARROW INTO ME
BEFORE HE GOT HIMSELF
DEAD.





THE MEN JUST FINISHED EATING WHEN MRS. SCHOFIELD'S SCREAM SENT THEM RUNNING TO HER ROOM. THEY SAW A' BAND OF COMANCHES JUST ACROSS THE FORK OF A LITTLE RIVER.



AS THE MEN BROKE FOR THE DOORS AND WINDOWS, THE INDIANS RACED THEIR HORSES THROUGH THE SHALLOW RIVER. THEIR WHOOPING ASSAILED THE AIR.



DURING A LULL IN THE ATTACK, CUTTER DOVE OUT AND RAN TO A PLACE BEHIND A STACK OF GRAIN SACKS. REGRET ALSO CAME OUT AND SAW THE LOOSE HORSE OF THE LAST KILLED INDIAN.



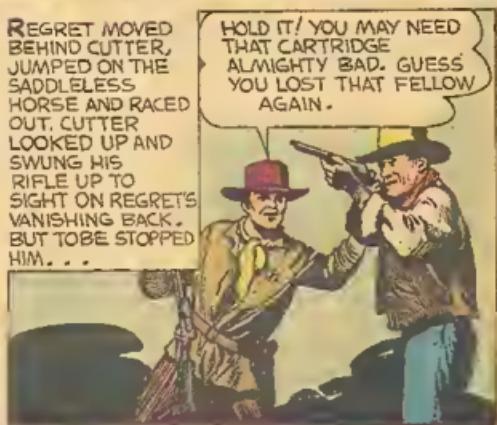
REGRET MOVED BEHIND CUTTER, JUMPED ON THE SADDLELESS HORSE AND RACED OUT. CUTTER LOOKED UP AND SWUNG HIS RIFLE UP TO SIGHT ON REGRET'S VANISHING BACK. BUT TO BE STOPPED HIM...

THOUGH STILL CUFFED TO THE ANVIL, REGRET TOOK CUTTER'S GUN AND STARTED FIRING.

PRETTY GOOD SHOT WITH A HAND GUN. RECKON YOU'LL SHOOT BETTER WITHOUT THE CUFFS.



HOLD IT! YOU MAY NEED THAT CARTRIDGE ALMIGHTY BAD. GUESS YOU LOST THAT FELLOW AGAIN.



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THEY WERE TOO BUSY TO THINK ABOUT PAUL REGRET.



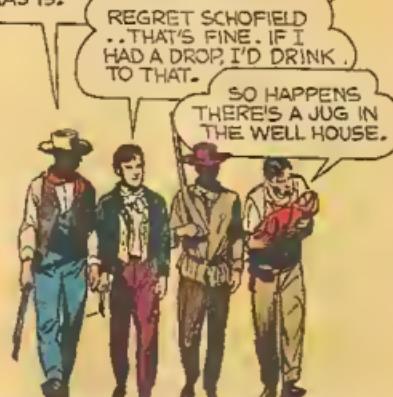
SUDDENLY, THE RANGERS CAME RIDING BACK. LEO BY PAUL REGRET.



SOON AFTER ALL THE INDIANS HAD BEEN EITHER KILLED OR DRIVEN OFF, THE MEN WERE STARTLED BY THE HIGH WAIL OF A NEW-BORN BABY.



IF IT WASN'T FOR MONSEWER, THAT YOUNG FELLOW WOULD NEVER GROW UP TO TELL LIES ABOUT WHAT A FINE PLACE TEXAS IS.



LATER, AS CUTTER WAS ONCE AGAIN TAKING REGRET TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS, HE STOPPED TO FIX SOME RANGE FENCE. THEN . . .

IF IT WAS UP TO ME, IT'D BE DIFFERENT.

WHO ELSE IS IT UP TO? THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME.

YEAH BELIEVE ME **MONSEWER** I THOUGHT ON IT. I GAVE MYSELF A LOT OF ARGUMENT. LET HIM RUN, I SAY TO MYSELF.

AND THEN WHAT DO YOU SAY?



THEN I SAY BACK TO MYSELF. "YOU CAN'T LET HIM RUN. YOU SWORE AN OATH WHEN YOU PINNED THAT BADGE ON YOUR SHIRT."

THE OATH YOU SWORE.. THAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU?

YEA, THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME. WOULDN'T IT BE TO YOU?

WORDS!



MONSEWER, WORDS IS WHAT MEN LIVE BY.. WORDS THEY SAY AND MEAN. YOU MUST HAVE HAD A REAL CARELESS BRINGING UP. HOWEVER . . .



... WE'LL STOP AND EAT WITH THESE PEOPLE, AND IT WOULDN'T BE GOOD FOR THE KIDS TO SEE YOU CUFFED. AND PLEASE **MONSEWER**, DON'T BREAK AND RUN. IT'D BREAK MY HEART DID I HAVE TO DROP YOU WITH A BULLET IN THE BACK.

THAT WOULD MAKE ME SAD TOO.



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, THE WALLS AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS RANG WITH THE STRAINS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM. A RANGER JUST IN OFF THE TRAIL, WAS SURPRISED TO FIND...



AND COMING TOWARD THE JAIL WAS NONE OTHER THAN SAM HOUSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

THINK OF YOUR DIGNITY, SIR. THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC CAN'T GO LOOKING FOR A FIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT CLAD ONLY IN A NIGHTSHIRT!



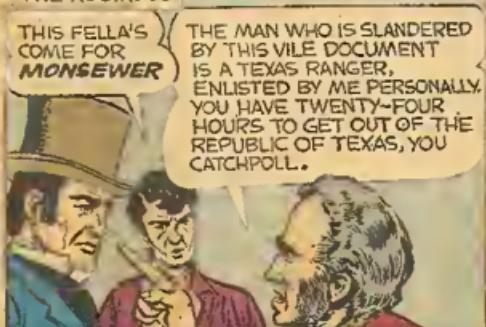
HOUSTON PAID NO ATTENTION TO HIS SECRETARY AND WALKED RIGHT INTO THE JAIL...



THIS BOY SIDED WITH US IN QUITE A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT WITH A COMANCHE WAR PARTY.. AND NOW THE STATE OF TEXAS IS GOING TO EXTRADITE HIM BACK TO NEW ORLEANS WHERE HE'S GOING TO GET HUNG.



WHEN THE WHOLE STORY WAS TOLD, HOUSTON PROMPTLY JOINED THE PARTY. A SHORT TIME LATER, A STRANGER ENTERED THE ROOM...



THE MAN WHO IS SLANDERED BY THIS VILE DOCUMENT IS A TEXAS RANGER, ENLISTED BY ME PERSONALLY. YOU HAVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO GET OUT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, YOU CATCHPOLE.

SO THAT'S TEXAS JUSTICE! MISTER, TEXAS IS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN RIDE FARTHER, AND SEE LESS THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. IT'S FULL OF CATA-MOUNTS, WILDCATS, RATTLE-SNAKES AND SCORPIONS. AND ANYTHING THAT DON'T CLAW, POISON OR STING YOU, WILL CHEAT YOU. NOW THAT'S MY OPINION OF TEXAS, AND I CAN SAY IT. BUT YOU AINT A TEXAN, SO YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING!



AFTER A PERIOD OF HARD TRAINING, REGRET TOOK HIS PLACE AS A TEXAS RANGER AND BECAME CUTTER'S TRAIL PARTNER. ONE DAY...

SO, JAKE,
YOU'VE PRODUCED
ANOTHER
BRIGHT
IDEA?

YOU'VE BEEN
TALKING TO
MAJOR HENRY.

JAKE'S
REASONING
SOUNDS
GOOD TO
ME, SIR.

I DON'T KNOW. I THINK COMANCHERO IS JUST PIDGIN SPANISH FOR THE WORD COMANCHE. YOU THINK IT DESCRIBES SOME SORT OF INNER CIRCLE... SOME SORT OF GOVERNMENT BEHIND THE INDIAN TRIBES?

I'D BET MY
LIFE...



YOU'RE ABOUT TO...
AND MONSEWER, TOO
...AND TOBE. LET ME
SEE THAT COUP STICK
LANCE YOU THINK MEANS
SO MUCH.

CUTTER WENT OUT AND BROUGHT IN A LANCE WITH A
BANNER ON IT.

AND YOU FIGURE THIS EMBLEM WILL
PROTECT YOUR SCALP THROUGH A THOUSAND MILES
OF COMANCHE TERRITORY... AND YOU'LL GET
AWAY WITH MASQUERADE AS GUN RUNNERS?

OF COURSE I COULD
BE WRONG.



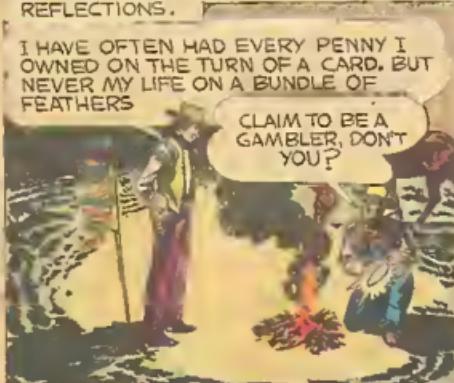
THE FOLLOWING DAY CUTTER AND ANGEL
RODE OUT IN SEARCH OF THE
COMANCHEROS. THEY WERE TRAILED
BY TOBE. THEY KEPT IN CONTACT BY
REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE OFTEN HAD EVERY PENNY I
OWNED ON THE TURN OF A CARD. BUT
NEVER MY LIFE ON A BUNDLE OF
FEATHERS

CLAIM TO BE A
GAMBLER, DON'T
YOU?

THIS MAY CURE ME...
PERMANENTLY.
WHY SO CAREFUL
WITH THAT FRYING
PAN? WE'RE ALONE
IN THE MIDDLE OF
A THOUSAND
MILES OF UGLY
TEXAS COUNTRY.

DON'T BET ON
THAT, GAMBLER.
COMANCHE
SPECIALTY IS
NOT BEING
SEEN.



AFTER RIDING ALONG FDR SEVERAL DAYS WITHOUT A SIGN OF INDIANS...

NOW WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT IF WE'VE GOT THE PASSWORD. AND DON'T BET THAT HE'S ALONE, EITHER. I DO HOPE TOBE ISN'T TAKING A NAP.



TOBE WAS INDEED NOT SLEEPING. FROM A DISTANCE, HE WAS WATCHING HIS FRIENDS THROUGH BINOCULARS.



AFTER RIDING ALONG QUIETLY FOR A WHILE, THE INDIANS SUDDENLY CAME RACING DOWN THE SLOPES, WHOOPING AND YELLING...

COMANCHEROS! COMANCHEROS!

WE'RE AMONG FRIENDS.



AS THE INDIANS PASSED THE WAGON, SEVERAL WALLOWED THE HORSES' RUMPS WITH QUIRTS AND THEY BROKE INTO A MAD GALLOP.

WHEREVER WE'RE GOING WE'RE GOING IN A HURRY.



SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE THE APPROACH TO THE COMANCHERO CAMP CAME INTO BEING.

COMANCHEROS! COMANCHEROS!



THE SENTRIES, NOTING THE COUP STICK,
PASSED THEM THROUGH.



A MAN COULD RIDE
WITHIN HALF A
MILE AND NEVER
KNOW THIS CANYON
WAS HERE.

AND IF HE RIDES
LIKE THIS, HE
WOULDN'T GET
OUT TO EXPLAIN
THAT.. LOOK!



AS THEY FINALLY CAME TO A HALT,
THE INDIANS YELLED.



A COMANCHERO,
HORSEFACE BY
NAME, GAVE
THE INDIANS
SEVERAL JUGS
OF WHISKEY
AND CAME OVER
TO THE WAGON.
CUTTER LOST
NO TIME
GOING INTO HIS
ACT . . .

MY NAME'S MC BAIN. I'VE
GOT GUNS AND I WANT TO
DO BUSINESS.
MONSEWER DROP
THAT WAGON-BED.



REGRET PULLED A LEVER AND THE
FALSE BOTTOM OF THE WAGON-BED
FELL DOWN, REVEALING . . .



SEVENTY-TWO
RIFLES . . . JUST
LIKE THIS.

AS SOON AS HORSEFACE HAD CUTTER'S RIFLE, HE POINTED THE MUZZLE RIGHT IN CUTTER'S FACE. BIG JAKE REACTED BY JERKING UP THE RIFLE AND---



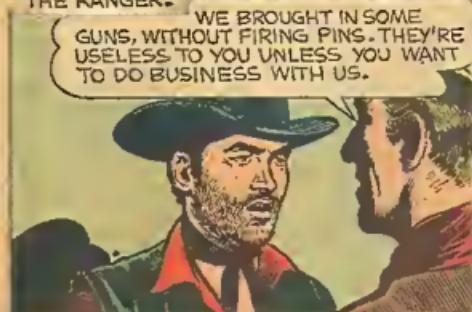
CUTTER HANDED ONE OF THE NEW RIFLES TO HORSEFACE.



HORSEFACE RAPPED A BELL AS A SIGNAL. THE CROWD PARTED TO MAKE AN AISLE FOR THE APPROACHING MAN.



THE NEWCOMER WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FELLOW WHO HAD INVESTIGATED REGRET MONTHS BACK ON THE RIVERBOAT. HE SMILED SAVAGELY AS HE LOOKED AT THE RANGER.



SUDDENLY, AMELUNG SCREAMED SOMETHING IN SPANISH. THE CROWD IMMEDIATELY SWARMED OVER THE RANGERS AND MADE THEM PRISONERS.



BEFORE LONG, THE BROILING SUN
BEGAN TO TAKE IT'S TOLL...

THINK OF A NEW PLAN,
JAKE. THE LAST ONE,
DIDN'T WORK SO
WELL.

THE HECK IT
DIDN'T! WE
FOUND THEIR
HIDEOUT, DIDN'T
WE?

I HOPE TOBE DON'T SPARE
HIS HORSE GOING BACK.
EVEN IF HE RIDES HARD,
IT'S GOING TO GET MIGHTY
THIRSTY AROUND HERE.



BUT TOBE DIDN'T MAKE IT BACK TO
RANGER HEADQUARTERS...



BEFORE LONG, REGRET FOUND RELIEF IN
SENSELESSNESS. THEN PILAR CAME UP TO
THE RANGERS, IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED
REGRET AND...



WHEN REGRET CAME TO CUTTER EXPLAINED
WHAT HAD HAPPENED. THEN...



YOU WANT TO
BET WITH THAT
FELLOW,
GAMBLER?

HE'S GOT ALL THE BEST
OF IT, I'D SAY.. THIS
SHIRT ISN'T BAD
LOOKING.. IF IT WASN'T
FOR THIS PATCH IN
THE FRONT.



MATCHING PATCH IN THE BACK. BULLET WENT THROUGH THE ORIGINAL OWNER.

I DEFINITELY WONT BET WITH THAT DARK GENTLEMAN.



WE KNOW OF A MAN NAMED MC BAIN WHO KILLED A MAN OF OURS IN SWEETWATER.

YOU MEAN CROW -- FELLOW WITH A HALF-SCALPED TOP KNOT?



I TOLD YOU, SIR. THAT IS THE MAN SHE WENT BACK TO SEARCH FOR. HE LEFT NEW ORLEANS AFTER KILLING A MAN. THE OTHER MAN I DO NOT KNOW. BUT I SAY IT IS WISE TO DEAL WITH THEM. THEY OFFER A STEADY SUPPLY OF UP-TO-DATE WEAPONS INSTEAD OF THE OLD FASHIONED RIFLES WE BRING IN SMALL QUANTITIES.



A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY WERE BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMANCHERO LEADER.. MR. GRAILE.

YOU TELL US YOU WILL BRING IN RIFLES WITHOUT FIRING PINS, TAKE OUT OUR MONEY, AND RETURN WITH MORE RIFLES AND THE FIRING PINS OF THE FIRST SHIPMENT. REALLY A WELL-THOUGHT OUT PLAN. YOU SAY YOUR NAME IS MC BAIN?



I AM NOT SURPRISED THAT CROW GOT HIMSELF KILLED. IF HIS OCCUPATION DIDN'T, HIS BAD MANNERS WOULD. NOW AS TO YOU -- YOUR NAME IS PAUL REGRET?

THAT'S HIS NAME. HIS OCCUPATION IS GAMBLER.



WITH THAT, PILAR WALKED OUT. THEN...

I TELL YOU SHE HAS A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS MAN. THAT IS WHY SHE URGES US TO DEAL WITH THEM.

YOU'RE A FOOL! I HAVE RAISED HER NEVER TO LET PERSONAL EMOTIONS GET IN THE WAY OF LOGIC. YOUR JEALOUSY IS APPARENT AND IS WARPING YOUR JUDGEMENT. THAT IS ALL!



THE TRIAL ENDED WITH THE MASQUERADE RANGERS BEING ACCEPTED. THEN GRAILE TOOK THEM FOR A TOUR OF THE CAMP.

THE INDUSTRY OF OUR SOCIETY IS CRIME. IT PAYS AND WE PROSPER. THE RULES OF OUR SOCIETY ARE MAGNIFICENTLY SIMPLE. TRANSGRESS AND YOU DIE. LONG AND PAINFULLY. LOOK OVER THERE.

SOME CHINESE PHILOSOPHER SAID, "A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS." NOT A PRETTY PICTURE, IS IT? HE STOLE. WE, A SOCIETY OF THIEVES, CANNOT TOLERATE STEALING FROM EACH OTHER. YOU ARE ABOUT TO JOIN OUR SOCIETY, GENTLEMEN. TAKE A LONG LOOK AND DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU WILL OBSERVE OUR RULES. I SHALL SEND FOR YOU IN IN DUE TIME.

REGRET WENT TO THE HOUSE TO REST. AS CUTTER WALKED ALONG, PILAR CAME UP TO HIM...

JUST WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS

WELL, AT THE MOMENT I'M A GUN RUNNER. I'VE GOT ALL SORTS OF...

A LITTLE MORE THAN THREE WEEKS AGO YOU WERE A TEXAS RANGER. YOU WERE ON THE DOCK AT GALVESTON AND WORE A TEXAS RANGER'S STAR ON YOUR SHIRT. THE ONE THING A COMANCHERO NEVER FORGETS IS THE LOOK OF A RANGER.

THERE WAS A SUDDEN YELL FROM THE ENTIRE COMANCHERO CAMP. CUTTER AND PILAR LOOKED UP TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAMP AND SAW...



REGRET JOINED CUTTER AS PILAR WENT TO HELP HER FATHER GREET IRON SHIRT.

SHE JUST TOLD ME SHE SAW ME ON THE GALVESTON DOCK.. WEARING A RANGER STAR.

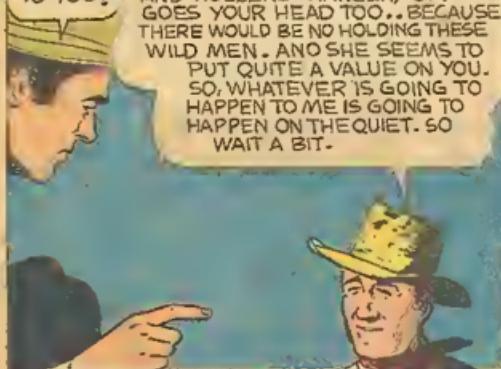
WE'D BETTER DRIFT DOWN TO THE CORRAL AND...

AND GRAB A COUPLE OF HORSES? HOW MUCH CHANCE YOU THINK WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE TOP?... NO **MONSEWER**, WE SIT AND THINK. SHE KNOWS I'M A RANGER, BUT SHE CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ARE, BECAUSE THE FIRST TIME SHE SAW YOU, YOU WERE A CARO SHARP RUNNING AWAY FROM A MURDER CHARGE. SHE'S GOT TO FIGURE I'M FOOLING YOU, TOO. SO YOU LOOK REAL SURPRISED WHEN SHE TELLS YOU I'M THE LAW.



WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU?

THE GIRL HAS A PROBLEM. IF SHE POINTS HER FINGER AT ME AND HOLLERS "RANGER", OFF GOES YOUR HEAD TOO.. BECAUSE THERE WOULD BE NO HOLDING THESE WILD MEN. AND SHE SEEMS TO PUT QUITE A VALUE ON YOU. SO, WHATEVER IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME IS GOING TO HAPPEN ON THE QUIET. SO WAIT A BIT.



MEANWHILE, THE WELCOMING CEREMONIES HAD GONE INTO DRINKING, SINGING AND DANCING. AFTER A WHILE...

CAN'T HANDLE THE STUFF.

WHO COULD? HE HAD A WHOLE JUG OF PAINT REMOVER WHILE WE'VE BEEN WATCHING.



AS THE PARTY ROSE PAST THE RANGERS, PILAR TURNED TO THEM AND...

COME ALONG.

YES.. JOIN US AT DINNER.



WHILE THE DINNER WAS BEING READIED, PILAR JOINED THE RANGERS OUT ON THE TERRACE. SUDDENLY, SHE TURNED TO REGRET AND...

REGRET, YOUR FRIEND IS NOT WHAT HE SEEMS.

HE IS...

I KNOW-- A TEXAS RANGER.



CUTTER WAS HOPEFUL THAT REGRET WOULD MAINTAIN HIS FALSE IDENTITY.

I TOLD HIM. DIDN'T SEEM ANY POINT NOW IN NOT TELLING HIM.

MR MC BAIN.. OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS.. LOOK DOWN THERE, BY THE CORRAL. YOU SEE MY MAN ESTEVAN?

I SEE HIM. I HAVE GIVEN HIM ORDERS. HE WILL WALK WITH YOU THROUGH THE CAMP. ON THE OTHER SIDE HE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A HORSE.

AND ESTEVAN LEAVES HIS BODY IN AN ARROYO.



YOU REFUSE TO ACCEPT MY PLAN? YOU TRY MY PATIENCE!

WELL NOW...

SHUT UP MC BAIN. PILAR, KEEP LOSING YOUR PATIENCE.. SO WE FINO OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!



PILAR WHIRLED ANGRILY AND WALKED AWAY.

MONSEWER YOU AINT LONG ON YOURSELF. THE LITTLE GIRL OFFEREO ME A BETTER CHANCE THAN WE HAD A RIGHT TO EXPECT FROM HER.

NO CHANCE AT ALL!



REGRET TURNED AND WENT INTO PILAR'S ROOM. CUTTER STAYED OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND LISTENED.

YOU ARE MORE FOOL THAN I THOUGHT. I BEGIN TO BELIEVE YOU WERE NEVER FOOLDED BY HIS MASQUERADE AS A GUN RUNNER.

I NEVER WAS. I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN HE WAS A RANGER. NOW LISTEN. IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS YOU FEEL I'M SORT OF UNIQUE. YOU BACKTRACKED TRYING TO FIND ME. WELL I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU.



YOU SAY THIS.

HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE NOT LYING?

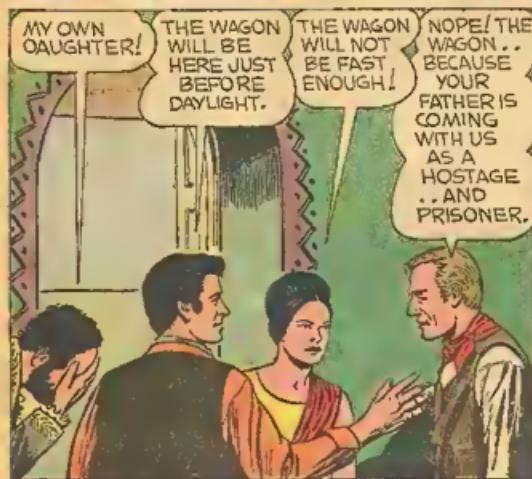
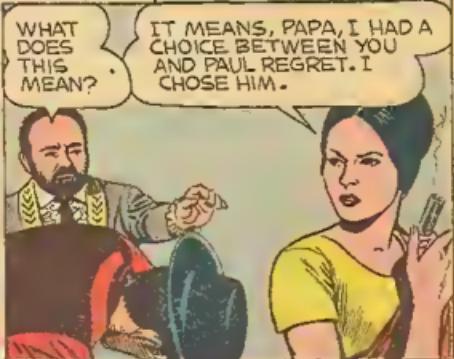
YOU DON'T. I GUESS EVERY TIME A MAN AND WOMAN TALK LIKE THIS TO EACH OTHER, NEITHER CAN PROVE THEY AREN'T BEING LIEO TO.... WHAT ALL THIS ADDS UP TO IS, I LOVE YOU. AND YOU HAVE NO WAY TO KNOW I'M NOT LYING. YOU BELIEVE, OR DON'T BELIEVE.



LATER, AS THEY WERE HAVING DINNER, THERE WAS A NOISE AT THE DOOR. AMELUNG CAME STRIDING IN AND ROLLED THE BODY OF TOBE OUT ON THE FLOOR.



SUDDENLY, PILAR PULLED A DERRINGER FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AND SHOT AMELUNG.



THE RANGERS TOOK RIFLES AND AMMUNITION FROM A GUN RACK NEARBY AND WENT OUT PAST THE SLEEPING COMANCHEROS AND INDIANS TO WHERE ESTEVAN WAITED WITH THE WAGON.



VERY CAREFULLY AND SLOWLY THEY STEPPED OUT OF THE WAGON SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE SLEEPERS. SO INTENT WERE THEY ON THIS THAT THEY DID NOT NOTICE...



AS GRAILE SCREAMED, THE CAMP CAME ALIVE WITH A ROAR. REGRET LASHED THE HORSES UP THE STEEP SLOPE. CUTTER, MEANWHILE, WAS POURING SLUGS INTO THE POWDER SHACK ON THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON.



WITHIN SECONDS, THE CANYON WAS ALIVE WITH COMANCHEROS CHASING THE WAGON. SUDDENLY, THE POWDER BLEW.



AS THEY REACHED THE RIM OF THE CANYON, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY INDIANS. THEIR SITUATION WAS DESPERATE.



SUDDENLY, THE INDIANS STARTED TO SCATTER. CUTTER AND REGRET LOOKED UP TO SEE MAJOR HENRY LEAVING A TROOP OF RANGERS TO THE RESCUE.



CUTTER AND REGRET TURNED TO PILAR. BUT SHE WAS DEAD. DURING THE RUNNING BATTLE, AN INDIAN ARROW FOUND IT'S MARK.

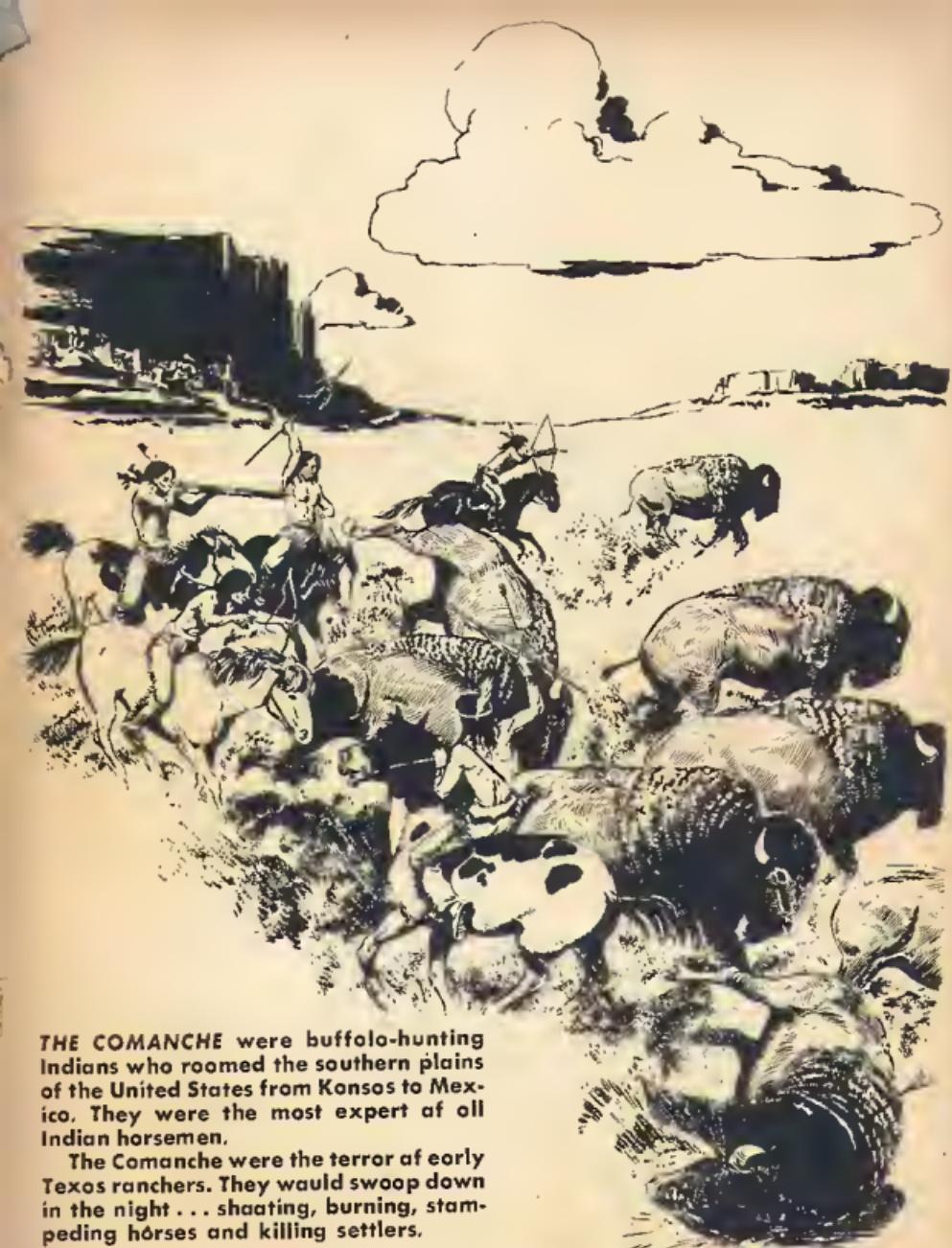


A SHORT TIME LATER...

I JUST PUT HER NAME.
I THOUGHT I'D PUT
SOMETHING ELSE...
BUT WHAT?--HERE
LIES SOMEBODY WHO
WAS PART GOOD
PART BAD?

THAT COULD
BE A
DESCRIPTION
OF MOST OF
US.





THE COMANCHE were buffalo-hunting Indians who roamed the southern plains of the United States from Kansas to Mexico. They were the most expert of all Indian horsemen.

The Comanche were the terror of early Texas ranchers. They would swoop down in the night . . . shooting, burning, stampeding horses and killing settlers.

They finally gave up warring on the whites and accepted a reservation in 1878. They quickly changed from fierce warriors into farmers and cattlemen. During World War I, two Comanche were often used to transmit messages by telephone. Their language, never written, was stronger to the Germans than any code.



DAISY B.B. GUN GIFT IDEAS!

Show this to Dad—Tell Him Name and Number of Model You Want!



ANNOUNCING!

THE ALL-NEW DAISY B.B. GUN "SPITTIN' IMAGE" of Famous 94 Winchester

Here's the new kind of B.B. Gun you want for Christmas—Model 1894 Lever-Matic! Looks, loads, cocks, aims like famous Model 94 Winchester. Real "Spittin' Image" features: slim-line carbine barrels, bands; new 2-way cocking; side-loading; "safety" hammer. Own and shoot this accurate force-feed 40 shot style repeater; full 38". At sport, hardware, department stores. Say: "Model 1894!"

Rifle that
Won the
Golden West*

No. 1894

\$12.95



NEW!



JUMBO B.B. TUBE

First and only
Jumbo Tube of
500 B.B.s! More
for your money.
Ask stores for
Daisy's Jumbo
"530" Tube only

25¢

per tube!



Popular!

"94" WESTERN CARBINE

Famous Lightning-Loader carbine in Old West style. A 450 shot repeater, 30 1/2". New short stock fits "younger" shooters. Cowboy design on the receiver.

No. 94

\$7.95



DAISY B.B. SIX GUN

"SPITTIN' IMAGE" of the famous Peacemaker! Single action 12-shot repeater shoots standard B.B.s accurately at short range. Automatic feed. For year 'round target practice and family fun.

No. 179

\$7.95

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 6381—ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.
Send postpaid Free new Daisy Catalog!

NAME _____

ST. & NO. _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

OTHER DAISYS \$5.95 TO \$14.95

Send Coupon for Catalog

Pictures all Daisy B.B. Guns, Pistols, Smoke-Ricochet Sound Guns, Six Gun Holster Rigs, Indoor Skeet Shoot, Stagecoach Strong Box.

ASK DAD—HE HAD A DAISY!

Print Subject to Change Without Notice. Prices Higher in Canada.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT 6381, ROGERS, ARKANSAS, U.S.A.
75 YEARS OF QUALITY LEISURE-TIME PRODUCTS

